

THE MISCELLANY.

VOL. I.

MONDAY, JUNE 17, 1805.

NO. 2.

Classical Literature.

THE HISTORY OF RASSELAS, PRINCE OF ABISSINIA.

CONTINUED.

The Discontent of Rasselas in the Happy Valley.

HERE the sons and daughters of Abissinia lived only to know the soft vicissitudes of pleasure and repose, attended by all that were skilful to delight, and gratified with whatever the senses can enjoy. They wandered in gardens of fragrance, and slept in the fortresses of security. Every art was practised to make them pleased with their own condition. The sages who instructed them, told them of nothing but the miseries of public life, and described all beyond the mountains as regions of calamity, where discord was always raging, and where man preyed upon man.

To heighten their opinion of their own felicity, they were daily entertained with songs, the subject of which was the *Happy Valley*. Their appetites were excited by frequent enumerations of different enjoyments, and revelry and merriment was the business of every hour from the dawn of morning to the close of even.

These methods were generally successful; few of the princes had ever wished to enlarge their bounds, but passed their lives in full conviction that they had all within their reach that art or nature could bestow, and pitied those whom fate had excluded from this seat of tranquility, as the sport of chance, and the slaves of misery.

Thus they rose in the morning, and lay down at night, pleased with each other and with themselves, all but Rasselas, who in the twenty-sixth year of his age, began to withdraw himself from their pastimes and assemblies, and to delight in solitary walks and silent meditation. He often sat before tables covered with luxury, and forgot to taste the dainties that were placed before him: he rose abruptly in the midst of the song, and hastily retired beyond the sound of music. His attendants observed the change, and endeavoured to renew his love of pleasure: he neglected their officiousness, repulsed their invitations, and spent day after day on the banks of rivulets sheltered with trees; where he sometimes listened to the birds in the branches, sometimes observed the fish playing in the stream, and anon cast his eyes upon the pastures and mountains filled with animals, of which some were biting the herbage, and some sleeping among the bushes.

This singularity of his humour made him much observed. One of the sages, in whose conversation he had formerly delighted, followed him secretly, in hope of discovering the cause of his disquiet. Rasselas, who knew not that any one was near him, having for some time fixed his eyes upon the goats that were

browsing among the rocks, began to compare their condition with his own.

"What," said he, "makes the difference between man and all the rest of the animal creation? Every beast that strays beside me has the same corporeal necessities with myself: he is hungry, and crops the grass; he is thirsty, and drinks the stream; his thirst and hunger are appeased, he is satisfied, and sleeps; he rises again and is hungry, he is again fed and is at rest. I am hungry and thirsty like him; but when thirst and hunger cease, I am not at rest: I am, like him, pained with want; but am not, like him, satisfied with fulness. The intermediate hours are tedious and gloomy: I long again to be hungry, that I may again quicken my attention. The birds peck the berries or the corn, and fly away to the groves, where they sit in seeming happiness on the branches, and waste their lives in tuning one unvaried series of sounds. I likewise can call the lutanist and the singer; but the sounds that pleased me yesterday weary me to-day, and will grow yet more wearisome to-morrow. I can discover within me no power of perception which is not glutted with its proper pleasure, yet I do not feel myself delighted. Man surely has some latent sense for which this place affords no gratification; or he has some desires distinct from sense, which must be satisfied before he can be happy."

After this he lifted up his head, and seeing the moon rising, walked towards the palace. As he passed through the fields, and saw the animals around him, "Ye," said he, "are happy, and need not envy me that walk thus among you, burdened with myself; nor do I, ye gentle beings, envy your felicity; for it is not the felicity of man. I have many distresses from which ye are free; I fear pain when I do not feel it; I sometimes shrink at evils recollected, and sometimes start at evils anticipated: surely the equity of Providence has balanced peculiar sufferings with peculiar enjoyments."

With observations like these the prince amused himself as he returned, uttering them with a plaintive voice, yet with a look that discovered him to feel some complacency in his own perspicacity, and to receive some solace of the miseries of life, from consciousness of the delicacy with which he felt, and the eloquence with which he bewailed them. He mingled cheerfully in the diversions of the evening, and all rejoiced to find that his heart was lightened.

TO BE CONTINUED.

INSCRIPTION ON A SIGN-BOARD, BY A WATCH-MAKER AT OXFORD.

HERE are fabricated, and renovated, trochiliac horologies, portable and permanent, linguaculous or taciturnal; whose circumgirationes are performed by internal, spiral, elastic, or extensive pendulous plumbages; diminutives, simple or compound, invested with aurent or argent integuments.

FOR THE MISCELLANY.

AN EXCURSION TO THE KAATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

CONTINUED.

UPON my coming up with them, I informed them of the wonder I had just seen: water running from the flinty rock...and launching forth into high encomiums upon the prize I held in my hand, gave one of my companions the water to taste, when, lo! the transitory nature of all earthly enjoyments...how delusive...how disappointing all human expectations!...he, with the most perfect indifference, returned me the cup without one drop of water in it to allay my thirst! To remonstrate...to criminate, however just, was now in vain. I looked back with regret towards the rock; but to return was too laborious...and the craggy sides of the mountain, which arose in a perpendicular direction far above us, threatened a renewal of our labour and an increase of our thirst. This was the very absence of consolation; but the rough road, and the danger of falling at every step, kept me from ruminating too intensely upon my disaster; and hope, painting the pleasures which awaited us on the summit, supported and reanimated my spirits.

The nearer we approached to the top, the acclivity was steeper and more difficult of ascent; and this we experienced in full proportion as the length and labour of the way diminished our strength. From the time we began to ascend the mountain until we gained the summit, took us, by the watch, more than an hour and an half, in active, unremitting exertion...and even then there was a lofty peak on the farther end of the mountain upon which we stood which raised its head, to appearance, some hundreds of yards above us; there was also another peak, in an opposite direction, beyond a creek, which dissected the mountain. Our curiosity was awakened afresh and our desire enflamed to ascend these lofty heights; but this, with the other objects we had in view, would have been a labour of not less than three days, and we were by no means prepared to pass the nights among the rocks, the reptiles, and the beasts of the mountain. The perpendicular height of the mountain we could not pretend to ascertain from calculation, as it was impossible to procure any instrument for that purpose: and when we recollect how surprisingly fallacious the apparent distance of every object within the atmosphere of the mountain was to the naked eye, whether viewed from the mountain, or from the country below, to have fixed upon any given height, must have been the result of mere conjecture; but we found it to be the generally received opinion of those who lived in its neighbourhood, and especially of those who had curiosity

and resolution enough to explore its wonders, that the place to which we ascended was not less than half a mile in perpendicular height; and although we were, properly speaking, on the top of the mountain, yet the peaks on each side of us had nearly the same appearance in height and grandeur, as the place on which we stood had to us when viewed from below. But, fortunately, these heights lay in such a direction from our station, as to give no obstruction to our prospect, which was more than sufficient for every rational wish of curiosity, as it formed an horizon too extensive for the strongest powers of the human eye. That part of the top of the mountain which principally attracted our attention, and was the field of our elevated excursion and curiosity, is a plain or platform of three or four hundred yards square, when, acquiring an easy declivity, it extends westward above three miles, bounded on the north and south sides by arms of the mountain, which increase in height as the vale descends.

Our view of the famed Hudson, and the country on each side, extending on the north, the east, and the south, as far as the eye could reach, was beyond description beautiful and sublime. The river contracted to a narrow line, appeared, however surprising or incredible, to be suspended far above the tops of the trees which lined its banks, and had a most agreeable effect upon the eye and the imagination. We were supposed to be elevated at least half a mile perpendicularly above the level of the river; yet if a musquet were levelled with the river, and a bullet placed at the mouth, it would run to the breach....and if placed at the breach, instead of running to the mouth as would naturally be expected, it would there remain at rest. This phenomenon can only be accounted on the principle of the depression of the rays of light which approach us thro' a wet medium or a moist atmosphere. The elevated top of the mountain....the strong attraction of so great a mass of matter raised above the common level of the earth, and its highly rarified circumambient air, will always necessarily produce an atmosphere much more moist and wet than that of a few miles distance from it. Such was the moisture of its atmosphere, that during the six weeks I remained in its neighbourhood, whatever was the state of the weather below, its top and sides were almost always covered with mist, or fog, or the new forming clouds....and while I was on its top, though we had short intervals of a clear sky and a shining sun, yet the country which lay far beneath our feet was often hid from our sight, by the low hung clouds which sailed in majesty below us, and in which we may be literally said to have washed our hands. The rays of light which fall upon the eye through such a very moist medium must be exceedingly depressed, and will necessarily give that elevation to distant objects which produced that astonishing and almost incredible appearance which so justly excited our wonder and investigation. Our view of the cultivated country which lay so far below, and, as I have observed, was often hid from our sight by the clouds, which moved in new and unaccustomed rounds to us, who hitherto had always beheld them over our heads, was finely

contrasted by the widely extended group of mountains which lay behind us and hid their heads in the clouds....and appeared to increase in height the farther they were from us.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOR THE MISCELLANY.

Mr. ORAM,

I WAS a few evenings ago at a tea party consisting of about half a dozen very precise ladies, vulgarly called old maids; a dozen young misses, apparently under 16, yet with as much experimental confidence as maturity can boast of; their mama's, in high spirits, eyeing and admiring every motion and expression of their respective daughters; four young lawyers, two young storekeepers, one old batchelor, and myself. After a variety of private chat, the general conversation was turned on HAPPINESS....the different definitions that was given of which, by every person in their respective stations, must certainly be amusing to your readers; I will, therefore, as faithfully as my memory can serve me, copy them down for you, with the opinion of a famous essayist in the conclusion.

The opinion of one of the most respectable in appearance, of the *ancient maidens* was first asked, by the lady of the house, who called apparently with authority on each class for the opinion of the whole of that body. She, without reserve, said, that happiness, in her opinion, consisted in a superiority over their own sex, and independence of man; dress, company and amusements were likewise necessary; and that with these she could look with contempt on the "horrid monster" man. After some slight rebukes from some of her respectable body on account of her opinion of the "dear gentle creature man," Miss — was called on, as speaker for the young ladies, she declared that the greatest happiness she required was to be married to a young fellow of merit, with a good deal of sound sense, and some good breeding....a competency too, I think was mentioned. I could not help observing in her description of this meritorious character, one of the greatest rakes in town, with whom she was violently enamoured; particularly when I found it to be one requisite that he should have hazle eyes and white teeth, the size too exactly corresponded. Madam, her mama, next gave her opinion, which was quite contrary to her daughter's; after railing much against the last opinion, and love in general, she, instead of describing happiness, seemed to be giving an advice to her daughter, said, that family, affluence of fortune and easiness of temper, were the chief things to be sought for in a husband....that with these, there was every prospect of happiness; with a long story of her experience, &c. In short, I found that all she wanted for her daughter was a rich fool, to suit her purposes, whose fortune she might enjoy in insulting his understanding.

The lawyer's opinion being next required, the most consequential of them declared that he belonged from his youth to that sect of philosophers formerly called *Epicureans*, but now more properly *bons vivants*; that his sole happiness was centered in good eating, good drinking, and a charming girl. Pray, describe, said Miss —, what you would call a charming girl....and at the same time blushed, knowing that herself would be described. As she was said to have a great fortune, and our lawyer had been suing for it some time, she was not disappointed, she was described in glowing colours. One of the storekeepers observed, that without a plenty of specie in circulation no man could be happy....times were so precarious....so many failures....received two tickets last week from insolvent debtors; he would desire no greater happiness than to have plenty of business to do for cash.

One of the batchelors, after a good deal of circumlocution, declared, that he believed the greatest happiness enjoyed by man in this life, was from the fair sex; that he could justly say he never was completely happy out of their society; that, under his greatest cares and afflictions, their enchanting smiles and bewitching conversation made him forget there was

any thing on earth, worth thinking of, but woman. He then quoted some verses from Ledyard in praise of the fair sex, which delighted the whole company, except one old gentleman who accidentally dropped in, in the course of the conversation, and exclaimed, *Ledyard was never married no more than yourself.....* This created a general gloom! to disperse which I began to give the different opinions of many ancient philosophers on that subject, and, among others, I recollected the following excellent passage from a justly celebrated essayist.*

As nothing is more natural than for every one to desire to be happy, it is not to be wondered at that the wisest men in all ages have spent so much time to discover what happiness is, and wherein it chiefly consists. An eminent writer reckons up no less than two hundred and eighty-eight different opinions upon this subject; and Lucian, after having given us a long catalogue of the notions of several philosophers, endeavours to show the absurdity of all of them, without establishing any thing of his own.

That which seems to have made so many err in this case, is the resolution they took to fix a man's happiness to one determined point, which I conceive cannot be made up but by the concurrence of several particulars.

I shall readily allow virtue the first place, as she is the mother of content. It is this which calms our thoughts, and makes us survey ourselves with ease and pleasure. Naked virtue, however, is not alone sufficient to make a man happy; it must be accompanied with at least a moderate provision for all the necessities of life, and not ruffled and disturbed by bodily pains. A fit of the stone was sharp enough to make a stoic cry out, that Zeno, his master, taught him false, when he told him that pain was no evil.

The man, therefore, who will be truly happy, must, besides an habitual virtue, attain to such a strength of mind as to confine his happiness within himself, and keep it from being dependant upon others. A man of this make will perform all those good-natured offices that could have been expected from the most bleeding pity, without being so far affected at the common misfortunes of human life as to disturb his own repose. His actions of this kind are so much the more meritorious than another's, as they flow purely from a principle of virtue, and a sense of his duty, whereas a man of softer temper, even while he is assisting another, may in some measure be said to be relieving himself.

A man endowed with that strength of mind, I am here speaking of, though he leaves it to his friend or mistress to make him still more happy, does not put it in the power of either to make him miserable.

The surest means to attain that power of thought and independent state of happiness, I am here recommending, is a virtuous mind, sufficiently furnished with ideas to support solitude, and keep up an agreeable conversation with itself. Learning is a very great help on this occasion, as it lays up an infinite number of ideas in the memory, ready to be drawn out and set in order upon any occasion. The mind often takes the same pleasure in looking over these her treasures, in augmenting and disposing them into proper forms, as a prince does in a review of his army.

It is this strength of mind that is not to be overcome by the changes of fortune, that rises at the sight of dangers, and could make Alexander (in that passage of his life so much admired by the prince of Conde), when his army mutinied, bid his soldiers return to Macedon, and tell their countrymen that they have left their king conquering the world, since for his part, he could not doubt of raising an army wherever he appeared. It is this that chiefly exerts itself when a man is most oppressed, and gives him always in proportion to whatever malice or injustice would deprive him of. It is this, in short, that makes the virtuous man insensibly set a value upon himself, and throws a varnish over his words and actions, that will at last command esteem, and give him a greater ascendant over others than all the advantages of birth and fortune.

SCRUTATOR.

* Mr. Budgell.

FOR THE MISCELLANY.

WHEN we consider to what a low ebb the manners of mankind have sunk, from what a height they have fallen, when contrasted with what they were about 40 years ago, they surely must deserve the censure of every friend to human nature. Truly may it be said, that the golden age is past, and that the iron one is come; for, in our days, manners, as well as literature, appear to be strangely perverted. Instead of that simplicity, and, at the same time, elegance of dress; instead of those energetic expressions which were wont to be the characteristic and boast of our progenitors; we put on the habiliments of indecency, and clothe our sentiments in tinsel ornaments. We have become the servants of French fashions and French manners. Artifice covers our dispositions, and the face is no longer the index of the mind. To such a pitch has indecency in dress arisen in the Catholic States, that their *Cardinals*, fearful of the dangerous consequences which might ensue, have piously exhorted their Bishops to thunder their *anathemas* against it. Political philosophers, conscious that the tone of manners and morality in a country always accords with that of the female sex, have generally made it a fundamental principle to attempt to give them a proper direction. Rome continued to sway the world, with unenfeebled force, until the manners of the female sex became degenerate. Then were the reins of government relaxed, and in time became what she now exhibits. Pressed upon by the accumulated heap, of the gratification of all the sensual appetites, disregard to public faith, and to patriotism, how could she but fall? It is an old observation, that as soon as a woman puts off her clothes, she puts off her modesty. By inattention to dress, disease and every vicious inclination is engendered, and opens a high-way for every degeneracy. The ideas of philosophers, that, in proportion as mankind advanced in civilization, the more reserved would be the behaviour of females, and the more deference they would command, appears good in theory, but our days deny its practicability. The present indecency incapacitates us from fulfilling our duties to society; it perverts the noble affections of the soul; and overleaps those barriers which ought to exist between the male and female sex. Observe the palid countenance, the languid eye, the emaciated form, the hollow voice of the once amiable *Amelia*. How changed! Where this deformity now exists, the roses once bloomed; those eyes were accustomed to strike with delight all who knew her, by their piercing brilliancy; that voice was the voice of an Angel; but dissipation has produced the change.

AMICUS.

FOR THE MISCELLANY.

A Vindication of the Character of the Swedes and Russians.

THE climate of Sweden and Russia has been peculiarly productive of men distinguished for genius and erudition, for military and political talents. As the extreme rigour of the north

braces the nerves and invigorates the powers of the corporeal system; no less certain is it that it produces an expansion of intellect, and a vigour of understanding which the inhabitants of the Torrid Zone never experience. With regard to the validity of this last assertion, it would be as facile to refute the arrogant and insolent arguments of a Briton, as the premature and hasty assertions of a Frenchman. Let them remember, that the mountains of Sweden have produced a *Gustavus Vasa*, a *Gustavus Adolphus*, and a *Charles*; and that from the shores of the Baltic have arisen a *Peter*, and a *Catharine*. At the very nomination of such illustrious personages, the futility of their opinions is apparent....their solidity vanishes before the mind and leaves but a delusive shadow of existence. Base calumniators of human nature! Is genius confined to your own climes? Would you draw a line of demarcation from the Euxine to the Baltic, to limit the powers of genius? Unconfined, unrestrained, rising superior to prejudice or passion, they wing flight to the north and dwell alike on the banks of the *Volga*, the *Boristhenes*, the *Indals*, and the *Calix*, as on the *Thames*, the *Danube*, the *Rhine*, or the *Tiber*. Has the southern world produced a character that could cope with the high-towering genius of *Charles XII*? At the immature age of fifteen we behold this hero assume the reins of government. Even at this early period of life he was capable of ruling a mighty kingdom, with glory to himself and benefit to his subjects....of taking up the ensigns of war and giving law to half of Europe. He either removed or surmounted opposing barriers till he reached the very summit of military fame. During a whole life of perpetual warfare, he, but in one solitary instance, violated the dictates of humanity. Need I have reference to *Peter the Great*, who from a state of desolation and absolute barbarity, elevated his country above the rest of Europe? Need I have reference to *Gustavus Vasa*, who, issuing from the mines of *Delacarla*, expelled the barbarous invaders of his country, and established its independence? To *Gustavus Adolphus*, who, pouring down his legions from the mountains of Sweden, upon the *Danube*, made the majestic empire of Germany tremble to its centre? Or, lastly, to the illustrious *Catharine*, the splendour of whose genius illumined the empire of Russia, and before the brilliancy of whose talents the monarchs of Europe retired discontented at the imbecillity of their powers. When such splendid examples as these can be produced, absolutely indicative of the highest powers of the mind, no more let pretended philosophers advocate in theory opinions indefensible. Let their illiberal and disingenuous aspersions, on the character of the Swedes and Russians, be buried in eternal oblivion. Let them consider, that in advancing a theory, unsupported by a single argument, they forfeit their credit as philosophers, and are condemned as the invidious revilers of merit.

A FRIEND OF GENIUS.

[We shall be always happy to give such subjects as the foregoing a place in the Miscellany, but think if the author had pointed out more particularly who the "calumniators" are, by reference or quotation, the piece would be much more perfect.]

TRENTON, JUNE 17, 1805.

While our sea coast is furnishing uncommon examples of attention to the making of Salt, especially on Cape Cod, and while Mr. Briggs, of Chatham, has discovered much ingenuity in furnishing the Glauber and Epsom salts, and in instructing his neighbours, we are happy to learn that the interior is abundantly furnished with means to profit from their natural riches. At the Canandaigua salt springs, have been made, in 1803, about 90 thousand bushels of salt, but in 1804 it had amounted to 138 thousand.

[Salem Register.]

We have seen a letter from a gentleman who lately arrived in this country from the city of Santo Domingo, to his friend in New-York, which mentions that General Ferrand has issued a proclamation declaring that the captains and crews of all vessels who should thereafter be found trading with the revolted negroes, or bound to or coming from any ports in their possession, should suffer death; and that orders have been given for carrying the object of the proclamation into effect with all possible rigour. The source from whence we derive this information is so respectable as to leave in our minds not a doubt of its correctness.

[Mercantile Advertiser, June 8.]

Capt. Hatch, who arrived yesterday at quarantine, in 15 days from St. Bartholomews, confirms the intelligence of the combined French and Spanish fleets (consisting of 17 sail of the line and 10 frigates, and, 'tis said, with 20,000 troops on board,) having arrived at Martinique. He adds, that a French frigate was taking soundings at St. Lucie, preparatory, as it was supposed to an attack; and that a general embargo had been laid on all the shipping in the French West-India islands.

[Ibid. June 14.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The notice to the Trenton beaux, of the arrival of a Philadelphia belle, has been received too late for insertion.

Obituary.

DIED,

Lately, at Arkenney, Galway county, Ireland, after a short illness, Mr. Dennis Coorobee, of Ballandangan, *Æt.* 117; a truly honest man. He retained his faculties to the last, and until two days previous to his death; he never remembered to have any complaint or sickness whatever, tooth-ache only excepted; three weeks before his death he walked from his house to Galway, and back the same day which is 26 miles. He could, to the last, read the smallest print without glasses, which he never accustomed himself to, with as much ease as a boy of 15. It has been acknowledged by the most intelligent men in Ireland, that, for the present age, he was the most experienced farmer, and the brightest genius for the improvement of agriculture: it is upwards of 70 years since he propagated that most useful article the Black Potatoe; he was married 7 times, and when married last he was 93 years old; by his wives he had 48 children, 236 grand children, and 25 great great grand children, the oldest of whom is four years old, and his youngest son, by his last wife, is about 18 years old.

At New-Brunswick, Mrs. Sarah Letson, wife of Mr. Thomas Letson.

Seat of the Muses.

MY NOISELESS HOURS I GIVE,
BLEST POETRY, TO THEE!

GENTLE ZEPHYR.

CHARMING, pleasing, unseen wanderer,
Gliding o'er the dimpled plain,
Come delightful magic rambler,
Breathe upon my lyre again.

Let thy mellow wild note, swelling
With its softest soothing sound,
Echo thro' my lowly dwelling,
Breathing heavenly music round.

Then at silent sober evening,
Whither may'st thou love to stray,
And, now sweet aerial stranger,
Let a moon-beam guide thy way.

Yet I oft will smile contented,
While retiring in the vale;
Thou shalt pause a while and listen
For responsive PHILOMEL.

O! assuasive unseen wanderer,
At whose mein the lillies bend,
Come delightful tuneful rambler
Let my ear thy song attend.

THE GRASHOPPER.

FROM ANACREON.

THEE, sweet Grashopper, we call
Happiest of insects all,
Who from spray to spray can'st skip,
And the dew of morning sip;
Little sips inspire to sing;
Then thou'rt happy as a king.
All, whatever thou can'st see,
Herbs and flowers belong to thee;
All the various seasons yield,
All the produce of the field.
Thou, quite innocent of harm,
Lov'st the farmer and the farm;
Singing sweet when summer's near,
Thou to all mankind art dear;
Dear to all the tuneful nine
Seated round the Throne divine;
Dear to *Phabus*, god of day,
He inspir'd thy sprightly lay;
And with voice melodious blest,
And in vivid colours drest.
Thou from spoil of time art free;
Age can never injure thee.
Wisest daughter of the earth!
Fond of song, and full of mirth;
Free from flesh, exempt from pains,
No blood riots in thy veins:
To the blest I equal thee;
Thou'rt a *Demi-Deity*.

THE SQUEAKING GHOST.

THE wind whistled loud! Farmer Dobbin's wheat
stack

Fell down! the rain beat 'gainst his door!
As he sat by the fire he heard the roof crack!
The cat 'gan to mew and put up her back!
And the candle burnt...just as before.

The farmer exclaim'd, with a piteous sigh,
"To get rid of this vile noise and rout,
Wife, give us some ale." His dame straight did cry,
Hemm'd and cough'd three times three, then made
this reply...

"I can't mun!" "Why?" "Cause the cask's out."

By the side of the fire sat Roger Geeboo,
Who had finished his daily vocation,
With Cicely, whose eyes were as black as a sloe,
A damsel indeed who had never said no,
And, because, she ne'er had...an occasion!

All these were alarmed by loud piercing cries,
And were thrown into a terrible state,
Till opening the door with wide staring eyes,
They found to their joy no less than surprise,
"Twas the old sow stuck fast in the gate."

ON THE FAIR SEX.

THE benevolent author of the universe, consulting only the happiness of his creatures, has appointed a variety of means to promote the sweet union of love. Probably for this end alone he constituted the difference of sexes. And what has he not done for the female of our own species, to make her amiable in our eyes? All the softness and gentle graces, the sweet smiles of winning beauty, the obedient blush of modesty, the charming fear of dependent weakness, and the tender apprehensions of the feeling heart, are for this purpose appropriated to the lovely sex. By what fine proportions, what nicely moulded features, what expressive eyes, what delicate complexions, are many of them distinguished! Many of them whose beauty is the least of their praise; for theirs is the finer ornaments of the mind, sense embellished and humanized by an habitual softness of manners, and knowledge collected from the labours of the muses. Theirs is the practice of every moral and social duty. All the virtues that are found in the sensibility of the heart, are eminently theirs. Pity, the attribute of angels; and friendship, the balm of life, delight to dwell in the female breast. What a forlorn, what a savage creature would man be without the humanizing offices of the gentle sex!...How much are his mind and manners softened by the delicate passion of love! Is it not for the fair object of his affections, that he studies all the elegant and embellishing graces? Does he not imitate her polished manners, and acquire, as it were by sympathy, her tender and delicate sentiments? After the endearing union of their loves and interests, where mutual confidence has removed every apprehension, what are the pleasures which he may enjoy! How are his cares softened, his prospects brightened, his delights enhanced by communication! How ungrateful then should he reproach that amiable sex, from which he derives in a great measure both his virtue and his happiness.

Anecdotes.

A young clergyman having buried three wives, a lady asked him how he happened to be so lucky? Madam, replied he, I knew they could not live without contradiction, so I let all of them have their own way.

The late Samuel Foote could say any thing of any body, or to any body. When he was once at Lord Kelly's table, a gentleman present complained that the beer was rather cold; "get his lordship to dip his nose into the tankard," said Foote, "and if he keeps it there half a minute, and the beer does not boil, it must be fire-proof."

A country schoolmaster, by the name of *Bascom*, was asked by a scholar, named *Eels*, for a copy to write after—The master headed the paper with the words "*Eels and trout are very indifferent fish.*" The boy followed his copy until he came to the last line, which he wrote as follows: "*Eels and trout were very indifferent fish till Bas-com.*"

When Dr. Jeggon, afterwards bishop of Norwich, was master of Bennett College, Cambridge, he punished all the under graduates for some general offence; and because he disdained to convert the penalty money into private use, it was expended for new whitening the hall of the college. A scholar hung the following lines on the screen:

Dr. Jeggon, Bennett college master,
Broke the scholars' heads, and gave the wall a plaster.

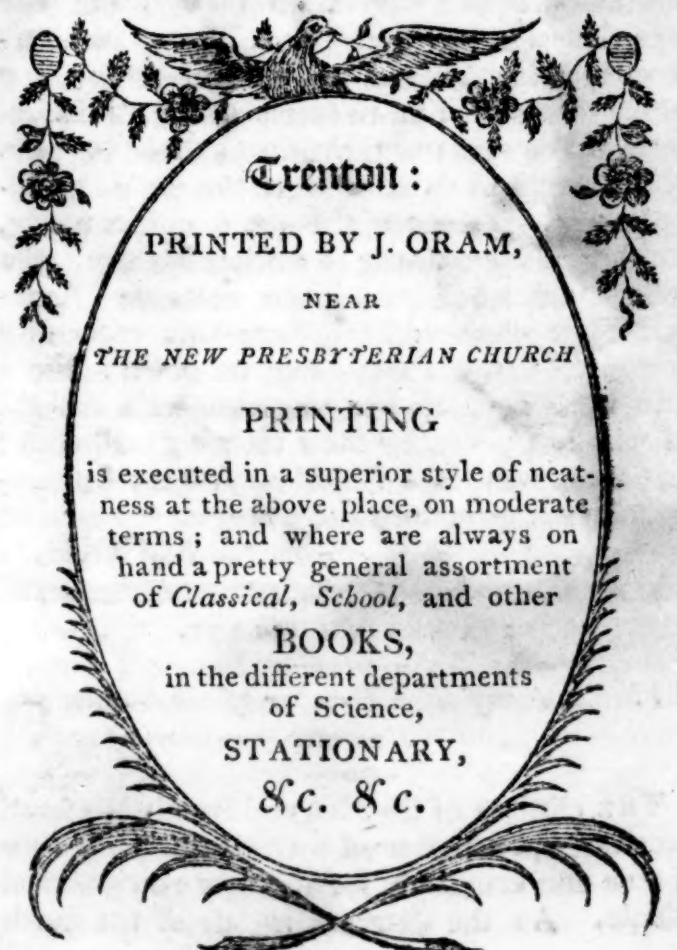
The Doctor, perusing the paper, wrote underneath, extempore,

Knew I but the wag that writ these lines in
bravery,
I'd commend him for his wit, but whip him for
his knavery.

A person who had once been rich, but was now sunk in the abyss of poverty, happening to sneeze, some of the company mistook the sound, and supposing it to proceed from another cause, cursed him for his indecency.... "Alas!" said the poor fellow, "how times are altered; when I was rich, if I made a slip all the company supposed I sneezed, and cried bless thee! But now, when I only sneeze, they mistake the matter, and cry curse thee!"

The Miscellany.

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